THE HOME JOURNAL.

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News of the Week.

DOWN EAST.

—The Presbyterian General Assembly, at Baltimore, has, in addition to the usual amount of routine business, taken very important action looking to a further reunion of the church, by conferences with the Presbyterians of the South, the Cumberland Presbyterians, and an independent Synod in Missouri. It is understood that there is no hinderance to the full accomplishment of these designs, which must, however, go through certain formulas. There was some strife on a resolution that Presbyterians take part in the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876; but, the resolution being worded to declare that such participation would be for the glory of God, the proposition finally prevailed. The next General Assembly will met in St. Louis.

—New York—The horse disease which visited this vicinity last fall has reappeared at the stables of the Caney Island Car Line, Brooklyn. Seventy horses are now sick, and there have been two fatal cases. The disease has reached the Brooklyn City Railroad stables, and fears exist that the diseas will again become general in that city.

—The Massachusetts House passed a bill which appropriates $200,000 for the completion of the Hoosac tunnel, and requests the Governor and Council to report the most favorable use of the tunnel to the next general court.

—George Francis Train, it is said, will sue the city for false imprisonment, claiming one hundred thousand dollars damages.

—Three hunded thousand dollars' worth of bonds, stolen from the Waterford bank, have been returned by the thieves, who have received 35 per cent. and immunity from punishment.

OUT WEST.

—The epizootic turns out to be an hereditary disease in Iowa. Colts in Plymouth County, as soon as they are fealed, show all the symptoms of the horse-disease which attacked their progenitors last year, and are dying in large numbers; sixty deaths are reported in one township.

—Rev. Fred H. Wines, of Springfield Ills., Secretary of the Board of Public Charities, has just sold to the census bureau of statigraphic charts, showing the number and location of idiots, insane, blind and criminals of each State in the Union. The charts are so colored as to show not only the numbers of these classes but the relative proportion each class bears to the population. The charts will be publised in the census reports.

—Jay Gould is said to be about leaving for the West to participate in the election of directors of the Chicago and North-Western Railroad Company. The bulk of the stock is said to be held by Jay Gould, Horace F. Clark, Augustus Schell and their allies.

—Bogus Charly, Shacknasty Jim, Hooka Jim and Steamboat Frank, after a conference with Gen. Davis, and a ride through a portion of the lava beds, have been furnished four days' rations, horses and Springfield rifles, and have started on the trail of Captain Jack. The proposition was made by them to kill him or capture him with the rest of the band. Gen. Davis is satisfied with their loyalty.

—Some time since officers of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company discovered that they were being systomatically swindled out of passenger tickets on the branches of their road, and at San Francisco, New York and other points. An investigation led to the discovery that clerks in their employ had been guilty of speculation, and that the loss to the company so far as known would reach full $20,000. It was finally ascertained that these tickest were disposed of through private agencies, of which there are a large number in different parts of the country.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

—The Secretary of the Interor has written a letter to the Governor of Texas, again requesting the latter to pardon Santana and Big Tree, the Indian chiefs on confined the Texas Penitentiary. He explained in addition to the recent published statement on the subject that the first request dating 22d of March was revoked on the 14th of April in consequence of the excited condition of public sentiment at that time growing out of the Modoc difficulties and because some objected to the pardon of Santana and Big Tree, made by Gen. Sherman. Secretary Delano goes on to say; I cannot omit to add that in my opinion a failure to effect that release of Santana and Big Tree under existing circumstances, will endanger our present peaceable relations with the Kiowas and Comanches, and will be likely to result in hostilities with these and other tribes residing in Indian Territory. I have therefore respectfully to renew my request for their pardon, and to express my sincere hope that your judgment will approve the same.

—The Postoffice Department has suspended the printing of postal cards for the reason that the card board submitted is not equal to contract requirements. The defects of and delay in the issue of postal cards are entirely the fault of the contractors who had not provided facilities for their manufacture.

—Washington—It is stated positively that the Government will sustain Col. McKenzie's pursuit and punishment of the Kickapoos upon Mexican territory, and there is no reason to doubt that the recent visit of the Secretary of War to Texas had for its main object the arrangement and authorization of this plan for putting a stop to Indian depredations along the Mexican frontier.

—New Orleans—The steamer City of Memphis, which had been on the bar at the mouth of the river about a month, got off a few days ago and went to sea, but finding her propeller damaged returned to the city for repairs. Her large cargo of bulk corn was returned to the elevator to enable the steamer to enter the dock. The corn was found in perfect order throughout. It had been on board 36 days.

—A washington special says Postmaster Creswell has examined the postal code to see if it would admit of the free transmission of newspapers exchanges and of newspapers published within the county, and has come to an adverse conclusion.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

—The British House of Commons, have agreed to an item of appropriation for the payment of the Geneva awards. The opportunity could not be lost, however for debate, during which Sir Stafford Northcote admitted that in the negotiation of the treaty he had not minutely examined the consequences for British subjects of fixing the end of the war at Lee's surrender. Mr. Gladstone said the advancement of the indirect claims by the American Government was a gigantic error. In all other respects he defended the course the arbitration had taken.

BY THE SHORE OF THE RIVER.

Through the gray willows the bleak winds are raving
Here on the shore, with its drift-wood and sands;
Over the river the lilies are waving,
Bathed in the sunshine of Orient lands;
Over the river, the wide, dark river
Spring-time and summer are blooming forever.

Here, all alone on the rocks, I am sitting,
Sitting and waiting,—my comrades all gone,—
Shadows of mystery drearily flitting
Over the surf with its sorrowful moan;
Over the river, the strange, cold river.
Ah! must I wait for the boatman forever?

Wife and children and friends were around me,
Labor and rest were as wings to my soul;
Honor and love were the laurels that crowned me;
Little I recked how the dark waters roll.
But the deep river, the gray, misty river,
All that I lived for has taken forever!

Silently came back a boat o'er the billows;
Stealthily grated the keel on the sand;
Rustling footsteps were heard through the willows;
There the dark boatman stood waving his hand,
Whispering, "I come o'er the shadowy river;
She who is dearest must leave thee forever."

Suns that were brightest and skies that were bluest
Darkened and paled in the message he bore.
Year after year went the fondest, the truest,
Following that beckoning hand to the shore,
Down to the river, the cold, grim river,
Over whose waters they vanished forever.

Yet not in visions of grief have I wandered;
Still have I toiled though my ardors have flown.
Labor is manhood; and life is but squandered
Dreaming vague dreams of the future alone.
Yet from the tides of the mystical river
Voices of spirits are whispering ever.

Lonely and old, in the dust I am waiting,
Till the dark boatman, with soft, muffled oar,
Glides o'er the waves, and I hear the keel grating,
See the dim, beckoning hand on the shore,
Wafting me over the welcoming river
To gardens and homes that are shining forever!

—*Atlantic.*

THE LONG DRIFT.

Captain Tyson's Story of the Return From the Polaris—Nineteen Persons Afloat on Ice for Six Months—A Big Thing on Ice.

From the New York Herald.

Now commenced the drift from the 15th of October, 1872, to the 30th of April, 1873, over six months, or 197 days. Night closed upon the scene last described. The abandoned party had fortunately two boats, the only remaining boats belonging to the Polaris.

The gale during the night carried the floe and its unfortunate occupants to the south-west, and in the morning they were about thirty miles from where the ship was lying comfortably at anchor. A heavy sea was running, which broke up the floe and separated the party from six bags of bread, one of their boats and other articles of food, clothing, compasses, etc. When the gale abated they endeavored to shoot as many seals as possible for food and light as well as fuel, but did not succeed in getting more than three, owing to rough weather having set in. When the weather cleared up the party found themselves, as they supposed, on the east coast or west coast of Greenland, about forty miles from the ship. They now hoped to reach the shore, but the ice being weak, they could not transport boats and provisions to shore until it grew stronger. Fortunately they here discovered the other boat, provisions, &c., from which they had been separated, and saved all. The ice at length grew stronger, and they made another attempt to reach the shore, carrying everything in the boats and dragging them on their keels. The ice being exceedingly rough, they stove both boats, which did not, however, render them useless. On the 1st of November they succeeded in getting about half way to the shore, when

NIGHT AND STORMY WEATHER CAME ON,

And prevented further progress. In the morning it was found that the ice was broken and the floe drifting south very swiftly. No more land was seen for some days, and bad weather continued throughout November. Then giving up all hope of present rescue they built snow-houses on the ice, reconciled to make them their home for a season.

These huts were houses of snow, constructed of a circular form at the base, gradually converging toward the top; the sides, surmounted by a block snow, which formed the roof, leaving a small hole for ventilation.

The entrance was a small vacuum at the base, barely large enough for a man to crawl through. Any greater space would destroy the usefulness of the house by allowing access to the cold and wind. These houses, while the weather continues hard and dry, are warm and tolerably comfortable, but on the first appearance of wet or thaw have generally to be abandoned. The disposition of the Esquimaux to consumption is attributable, among other causes, to this method of life, constantly exposing themselves to the damp cold of their melting huts.

Their food from this time was a prudent allowance of such provisions as they had, with a large proportion of seal-flesh fat, and, subsequently, when the seals were scarce, even seal-skins.

Three of the huts were for dwelling-houses and one for a storehouse. In one lived Captain Tyson, Joe and Hannah his wife, and one child; in the second, Hans Christian, wife and four children; in the third, Mr. Myers and eight men. These huts were built side by side on the floe, and were continuously occupied from November to April, when they were

COMPELLED TO ABANDON THEM.

They had no materials for fire, except old rags and blubber—both scarce—which had to be used very sparingly, and only when it was necessary to warm their scanty allowance of food, so that for nearly the whole six months they were without fire, a peculiarly distressing position under the circumstances, especially as these huts, unless heated artificially, are extremely cold.

THE ARCTIC WINTER.

The darkness of the Arctic night, which lasts a long time, and commences about December 1st, prevented the catching of seals or other animals except by accident. Then the sun disappeared, and did not reappear until the end of January or beginning of February. During this period day was not distinguishable from night, except by means of a streak of light on the southern horizon, which, however afforded no light to our unfortunate wanderers. It was a darkness unlike the darkness of southern latitudes. There was no balmy breath of night; all was cold and cheerless and desolate. Day succeeded to day, and still the darkness continued. Gradually the eye became accustomed to it, and objects which were at first dim and indistinct could be plainly discerned at a distance. The Esquimaux of the party, were, of course, used to the long, dark winter and though lightly of it, but it was not so with the Americans and the other members of the expedition. Some of them had had experience in northern latitudes, but never such a trying one as this, and their hearts might well have failed them when they thought of the dreary prospect which spread out before them. Those who read this narrative in their comfortable homes can form but a faint impression of the sufferings which these people endured. The greatest privation which the darkness occasioned was that it put a stop for the time to seal hunting, which, to the crew, was

THE CHIEF MEANS OF SUSTENANCE.

The dark color of the animal prevented it from being seen at any distance, and the pursuit of it in the midst of darkness was attended with so many perils that few had the temerity to engage in it. Even the Esquimaux, who were familiar with the habits of the seal, and knew its every movement, refrained almost entirely from hunting it during the Stygian darkness. It must not be understood from this that the Arctic winter's night does not vary in duration, as it lasts months longer in some latitudes than in others; but it must be remembered that, drifting south, they were gradually diminishing the period of that darkness which reigned at Northumberland Island, and approaching the extending light of "other days." In the latter part of February they lived principally on birds—dovekeys—which they picked up between the ice cracks.

The description of seal taken in the North is called by the natives netsik, and another known as the "bearded seal." It is short and chunky, and smaller than the better known harps of the Newfoundland shores.

The provisions lasted until the end of February, when the party had to fall back upon the rifles and seals and birds.

THE SUN APEARS ON THE HORIZON

On the 19th of January for the first time after its disappearance in November, rising at half-past eleven A. M. and setting at half-past twelve P. M. After the sun set there was twilight for six or seven hours. The days after that rapidly grew longer until the party was picked up.

On the last of February they had the remaining of their provisions brought from the vessel, only two cans of pemican and 120 pounds of bread—the latter wet and mouldy. One of the boats was cut up to make fuel to melt the ice into water to drink. During the time they were without blubber their provisions were eaten cold.

The natives were very faithful in their exertions to kill seals during the months of darkness; but, as said before, they rarely succeeded, the difficulties and dangers attending the undertaking being very great. Starvation now stared the party in the face, and the return of the sun, though it gave some promise of succor, found every one, even the most hopeful, cheerless and despondent. But work and action were necessary to sustain life, and Captain Tyson set an example of energy and industry which was imitated by all.

A lot of Esquimaux dogs drifted on the floe, most of which Hans and his family regaled themselves upon. The whites were at that time a little delicate, but would subsequently, they say, have

EATEN A ROAST DOG.

Captain Tyson says he wanted the men to save the dogs, kill and store them up for a more hungry day; but they would not, not thinking at the time that they would eat seals' entrails, etc., afterward.

After the provisions gave out the men ate not only the flesh and fat of the seals they were fortunate enough to get, but only the bones, skins, entrails, and all intestines and appurtenances. Captain Tyson showed us two of his front teeth, broken by chewing up frozen seal bones, while at times it was considered a great luxury to get a lump of blubber to hold in the mouth and suck, to keep out the cold. The people confined themselves for days together to their huts during the cold drifts, spending the time sleeping, wrapped up in skins.

In March they got among the seals and procured plenty of meat, upon which they were entirely supported that.

POLAR BEARS ON THE WARPATH.

One night a very large polar bear approached their encampment and commenced eating their seal skins lying about. The natives were directed to imitate the seals, lying prostrate on the ice, in order to entice the monster within a convenient shooting distance; but they were all afraid, whites and all, and fled. Tyson fired one shot, which wounded the bear, who thereupon faced and attacked him. Tyson had to retreat to get more ammunition, and, returning, dispatched him. This was a welcome addition to their scanty storehouse, so they took the precaution to save up bear's flesh, seals' skin, entrails, etc., and in this way collected enough food to last them to the middle of May, should they not by that time reach some land or vessel.

But a greater misfortune, perhaps, than any overtook the heroic little band of settlers on the ocean. About the end of March a heavy gale drove them out to sea,

BROKE UP THE FLOE

On which they had lived so many months, and on which stood their homes of snow and newly-stored stock of food. The floe, which had been nearly five miles in circumference, was by this untoward calamity reduced to a pan of ice no more twenty yards in diameter. The consequence was that they concluded, by the advice of Captain Tyson, and after much altercation and difference of opinion, to abandon their late home and endeavor to regain the main pack. This was done on the 1st of April, and, with the floe and huts, they also abandoned all their stock of meat, a large quantity of ammunition, clothing, skins and other articles. A small portion of the meat was put into the boat, in which they now again took to the water; but, owing to the boat being too heavily laden, it became necessary to throw that overboard. On the 3d and 4th of April the outer edge of

THE MAIN BODY OF ICE WAS REGAINED,

And some progress made inwards. The elements still adverse, a tremendous gale and heavy sea breaking the ice into yet smaller pieces, continuously hindered and threatened them with destruction, so that they were obliged to confine themselves to small pans, changing their positions from time to time as danger necessitated. It was impossible to launch the boat, no seals could be taken, and actual starvation was inevitable. It was at this crisis that, on the 21st of April, fortune sent the Polar bear, which they happily obtained possession of as above described. The boat was afterward got into the water, and they worked their way west and south-west every day in the hope of reaching some part of the Labrador coast. The only then remaining shelter was a canvass tent, erected after the annihilation of the winter camp. On the 22d of April the boat happened to become separated from this tent some seven or eight feet. The weather, which had been fine for some days previously, with hardly any wind, suddenly shifted, and

A TERRIFIC STORM.

Accompanied with sleet and snow, sprang up. More suddenly still, and without any warning scenes whatever, the ice between the boat and tent burst asunder with a loud and deafening explosion. A cry was at once raised to "stand by the boat." Fred Myer, in the darkness (for it was night) managed to reach it, though in attempting to do so he narrowly escaped being swept into the chasm caused by the separation of the ice floe, and in which the maddened sea was seething and the shattered and scattered fragments of the ice were tossing wildly against each other. Having reached the boat in safety his first act was to look round for his companions. None were to be seen and nothing heard, save the roaring of the tempest and the grinding and crunching of the clumpers as they were driven with terrific violence by the sea. To remain where he was would be, he knew, to court immediate destruction. The pan upon which he tottered was becoming smaller and smaller every moment, and, great as was the hazard, he determined, if possible, to launch the boat again, and, though desperate the attempt, to cross the chasm that divided him from his companions. But this was no easy task. The sea was breaking wildly over the pan. The boat was heavily laden, and it seemed as if his remaining strength, though doubled by that desperate situation, was unequal to the required task. Several times did he make the attempt, and twice was he

WASHED FROM THE PAN INTO THE SEA

By the violence of the waves that dashed over and overwhelmed it. The cold was intense, terribly augmented by the chilling and freezing water with which he was covered and saturated. In this awful situation but little hope remained of his ever again beholding his comrades or even preserving his own life.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

In a moment, as if by magic, the storm lulled and the surge subsided, and, straining his eyes through the blackness of that Plutonian night in the direction of which he supposed the rest of the party were, he discovered the two Esquimaux, Joe and Hans, each standing on a small piece of ice, and paddling toward him. These intrepid and hardy sons of the "regions of thick ribbed ice" were not deterred by dangers which would have balanced the cheek and made the hearts of men bold enough to seek the bauble reputation even at the cannon's mouth, stand petrified with awe. But for them the ice seemed to have no terrors as for common men. In a second the horrors of the preceding moment were forgotten. Hope once more bloomed in all its fullness, regardless of the innumerable perils beyond, and, strength thus revived with eager hope, the boat was launched and they joyfully rejoined their companions.

HELP AT LAST.

On the 29th of April two steamers hove in sight of the storm-teased mariners, which now renewed all their long-cherished and constantly-blighted expectations of rescue. They made signals, but were probably not observed. This fresh and heart-rending disappointment was atoned for on the morrow, when the sealing steamship Tigress, of St. Johns, Newfoundland, accidentally, in a dense fog, steamed against the very floe of ice which was their habitation.

THREE CHEERS FROM THE RESCUED COMPANY

Rent the air, and were as vehemently and joyfully sent back by the one hundred and thirty men who composed the Tigress' crew. Here, in getting on board the steamer, Hans Christian lost his invaluable record of the voyage, written by himself, in the Esquimaux language, which, but for that misfortune, your correspondent would now be able to place before the public, translated. The proverbial hospitality of Newfoundlanders was not wanting in this case. The adventurers were cared for with the utmost attention and kindness, the sailors giving them their own suits and under-clothing, boots, all necessary apparel, and their private stores of tea, sugar, coffee and many other things, with other acts of goodness appropriate to such circumstances, which are too numerous to relate.

THE TIGRESS,

Having called at Bay Roberts, arrived at St. Johns on the 12th of May, in the afternoon; but the news of the wonderful experiences and recovery of the abandoned party had been partially telegraphed several days before. Their arrival was impatiently expected, and no sooner had the ship dropped anchor in the harbor than crowds, putting off in boats, besieged the decks and overwhelmed the strangers with intense curiosity and torrents of questioning as to the origin of their strange condition and the unparalleled capabilities which had safely brought them triumphantly through so many and stupendous perils. Captain Tyson and Mr. Myers refused to land till night, on account of the dilapidated state of their clothing. The Esquimaux men, women and children, and most of the whites, landed early in the afternoon. But if the excitement on board the vessel was considerable,

THE SCENE AS THE BOATS APPROACHED

The shore was one of wildest enthusiasm. It happened that there was ice in the harbor, which in certain places obstructed their passage, and as the boats' heads were turned one way or another to obtain an entrance, dense columns of people of all classes moved up and down the quays, lining the water of the harbor, according as the course appeared to be directed to one point or another. Heron said that, in point of numbers, it was a crowd not to be beaten by Yankees. Then came the landing, and an impetuous rush ensued to obtain the temporary custody of

THE ESQUIMAUX CHILDREN

And to get the first good peep at the uncommon strangers—especially the swarthy ladies. The children were submissively transported along the principal streets of the city in the arms of eminent commercial gentlemen, while the squaws, with a thankful happy smile, trustingly leaned on an arm of others, the admired of all admirers. They were thus escorted to their respective homes, provided under the vigilant superintendence of the United States Consul, Mr. Thomas N. Molloy, who was careful that nothing was wanting to insure their comfort and recuperation. Captain Tyson and his companions were deeply touched by the generous welcome they had received, and it was gratefully acknowledged by them as one of the most pleasant incidents attending such a terrible experience. The inhabitants of St. Johns have a good knowledge of the dangers of the Arctic Sea, and were able to understand better than people in New York possibly could the sufferings and privations which the abandoned mariners and explorers must have gone through ere they were rescued by the Tigress.

ON BOARD THE TIGRESS

Both Esquimaux and whites seemed to enjoy tolerably good health. The miracle of the whole history is that it should be possible for a being endowed with merely human and ordinary powers of endurance and only human energies to exist alive through such a combination of perils, exposure and suffering, so inconceivable in their character and variety and for such a period of time; that they did not all succumb to these strains on the faculties, both physical and mental, and either voluntarily or of necessity lie down and die at the outset; and, still further, that they should be

RESCUED, AFTER SIX MONTHS,

From their forlorn position—not alive only, but actually in the possession of all their faculties, and, after a few days of rest and comfort, to all appearances hearty and well. It will be remembered, however, that

THEY NEVER DESPAIRED,

But always expected a rescue; and doubtless that hope, though often and bitterly deferred, sustained them in the darkest moments of their trial. On arriving at St. Johns most of the men and women, the esquimaux men excepted, complained of being slightly ill, and were placed by the Consul under the doctor's care. Some were troubled with swollen feet, a symptom of latent scurvy. On the second day of their arrival they were a little worse, but no serious consequences are anticipated.

The Atlantic Disaster and its Lessons.

It is a good time, after the first honor of the disaster to the steamship Atlantic has passed away, to consider and discuss, with calmness and candor, the question as to the responsibility for that wholesale sacrifice of the lives of innocent and trustful passengers. Where was the blame? We are now inclined to place it at the door of Capt. Williams' chart-room. It is no more than just to believe that he did the best he knew how to do. His own safety was involved with that of his passengers, and his action after the wreck showed that he considered his own life worth saving as well as that of his passengers. Was he considerately caution under the circumstances in which he found himself? Probably not! Did he prove himself to be a good navigator? We think not. Would the ship have been lost in the hands of a man who understood the dangers of the coast, and thoroughly felt the tremendous responsibilities of his office? Possibly not—probably not. But who placed Capt. Williams in command of the ship? Who but the same company that sent him out of port with a shamefully small supply of coal, and thus forced him into the circumstances which he proved himself to be incompetent and master?

If Capt. Williams was an incompetent navigator, the fact must have been known to the company as well before as after the disaster. His life has not been hid under a bushel. He has commanded steamers sailing between New York and Liverpool for years. If there was anything in his character, habits or nautical education, which made him anything less than the best man possible for his place, the company knew it, or, if they did not know it, ought to have known it. Primarily, then, the company is responsible for every mistake that Capt. Williams made, and for everything culpable—if there was anything culpable—in his mismanagement. That he made great and awfully fatal mistakes, is evident enough, but we go no further than this in awarding blame to him. We are willing to believe that he did the best he knew; but the question is: Was the best he knew the best that was known? If not—and we believe that the general conviction is that it was not—then we must hold the company responsible for placing him in a position of such tremendous responsibility. They are responsible for their commander; they are responsible for sending him to sea unprepared for the exigencies of the voyage; they are responsible for all the death and woe that have resulted from their course. If Capt. Williams was not the man for his place, he ought not to have been in it.

It is time that the American people, who furnish three-quarters of the fares of the finest lines, should know something of the dangers to which they are subject by the foreign owners and commanders of the vessels which furnish the only means of transport to European shores. Tens of thousands of our best people are going back and forth every year on these lines. The world does not possess another line of ocean travel so freighted with life and treasure as this, or one which demands, from the interests involved, such faultless vessels and such thorough seamanship and high character on the part of those engaged in its management. We trust to these commanders our own lives, and the lives of our children and friends.

In these days, any sphere of industry commands the man it pays for. The world is so full of enterprise and the opportunities for wealth, that a cheap place, or a rule, can only get and retain a cheap man. One of the best captains afloat said the other day in our hearing: "A good man must either be hard up, or have a little money invested, to afford to be a captain in the Anglo-American service." The remark has moved us to make inquiry in the matter, and we find that the pay of a captain in this service is, on some lines, from £300 to £400 a year, with a bonus of £150 if no accident occur, and on others from £300 to £500, without a bonus. In our money the salary of a captain is, therefore, from $1,500 to $2,500 a year. His board upon the ship is, of course, free. How do these wages appear to those who are compelled to trust their lives and their possessions to such men as can be hired by them? It ought to be stated, too, in this connection, that in the English-Australian Steamship service, the captains receive a thousand pounds a year, —small wages enough, to be sure—but why is this difference made? Does any one doubt that the Australians line absolutely commands by its liberality the best seamanship in the market? Why should the lines that convey such multitudes of Americans in their cabins and such crowds in their steerage be subjected to this disadvantage? We know that there are, in the Anglo-American service, as good captains as there are in the world, but they are men who are forced to remain there by circumstances. How are there places to be made good when they retire? Are their wages such as to make their places a prize to be sought by the young men who are laying their plans of life? As a rule, these lines will get just what they pay for—that is, they will get cheap men, and to these men all Americans who desire to visit Europe are obliged to trust their lives and their treasures.

The first officer in the Anglo-American service gets about £15, $75 a month or $600 a year,—what we pay to an ordinary clerk. The second officer gets $50 a month, or six hundred dollars a year; the third officer $30 a month, and the fourth $25. To men receiving these latter sums the Atlantic was committed when she plunged upon the rocks, with her priceless freight of human life. These sums correspond closely to what we pay our waiters and men of all work about the house, while they would not hire, in New York, a first class waiter or a butler. The idea is horrible, but the facts are as we state them, or we have been misinformed by one who has the best opportunity of knowing them. What must generally be the class of men who can be hired at these wages? When this question is rationally answered, we can form some conception of the risks we are compelled to run by the parsimony of companies whose cabins we crowd with passengers, and who can hardly find room for the enormous freights which we commit to them?

We know of no way to secure a safer service but by holding the companies rendering it to a strict accountability. They are accountable for their ships, for their supplies, and for their commanders. If they wish for better captains—nay, if they wish to secure the best service of those they have—let those commanders hold a place whose wages are a prize worth holding, and make that place so high that young men of the best talents and character will look upon it as worth seeking. Let it be given to no man until it can be given as the reward of eminent character and eminent seamanship. As the facts stand to-day, we have no hesitation in saying that the niggardliness of these Anglo-American lines is a shame to their owners and managers, and that, until it is corrected, we have a perfect right to hold them criminally responsible for all the disasters that occur to them through the carelessness or ignorance of their employes.—*J. G. Holland.*

A Doctor's Diary.

A pocket-diary, picked up in the street of a neighboring city, would seem to indicate from the following choice extracts that the owner was a medical man:

"Kase 230, Mary An Perkins. Bisnes, wash-woman. Sicknes in her hed. Fisik sum blue pils a soaperifix: age 52. Ped me one dollar. 1 kuarter bogus. Mind get good kuarter and mak her tak mo fisik.

"Kase 231, Tummes Krinks. Bisnes, Nirishman. Lives with Pady Molouny whot keeps a dray—Sikness, digg in ribs and tow blak eys. Fisik to drink my mixter twict a day of sasiperily bere and jellop, and fish ile, with asifedity to mak it taste fisiky. Rubed his face with kart grese liniment, aged 39 years of age. Drinked the mixter and wudn't pa me bekase it tasted nasty, but the mixter'll work his innards, I reckon.

"Kase 232, Old Misses Boggs. Aint got no bisnes, but plenty of money. Siknes awl a humbug. Gav her sum of my celebraten "Dipseflorikon," whicl she sed drank like cold tea—wich it was too. Must put sumthink in it to make her feel sik and bad. The Old Women has got the roks."

PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, the famous fighting editor of the Paris Pays, who has killed 18 men in duels and has another one to kill next month, has been offered a placé on the "Weekly Montanian," a sheet published in the wilds of Missouri. Six editors of that paper have died with their boots on during the past year, and the proprietors confidently expect that a first-class salamander like Paul will be a little more durable.

THE wife of a Steubenville (O.) track-mender used the hand-car belonging to the road to give her family an airing. The express train came along, and the track-mender has no one dependent on him now

MR. QUINNHATTAUNORA, an Apache sachem, recently commenced his preparation for embracing Christianity by killing his five squaws. The military proposed to hang him, but Gen. Crook interposed, and sent him on to a San Francisco fort, to be shut up forever.